

# Laughs Make You Live Longer--Here's a Page of Life

## Just Folks

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### THE LITTLE CLOTHES LINE

The little clothes line by the kitchen door!  
My mother stretched it once when I was young,  
And there the garments which the baby wore  
Each morning very carefully she hung.

Square bits of flannel fluttered in the breeze,  
White stockings, very delicate and small,  
Long flowing dresses and the glad booties,  
A little blanket and a knitted shawl.

Then came the day when mother took it down,  
And we forgot what symbols fluttered there;  
We'd grown to breast the current of the town,  
To fight for conquest and to stand to care.

Ten years ago she smiled and said to me:  
"I want a little clothes line by the door."  
And there she hung for all the world to see  
The various bits of raiment which he wore.

Even the ragman on his alley round  
Knew by the symbols fluttering on that line  
That there a little baby would be found,  
And day by day he saw that glorious sign.

Then boyhood came and called our babe away,  
Muscle him strong and turned his cheeks to brown,  
Gave him the strength to run and romp and play,  
And then she took the little clothes line down.

Today I sat beside her bed and she  
Smiled the sweet smile of motherhood once more.  
"When I get up again," she said to me,  
"I'll want a little clothes line by the door."

## Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

"When Will Hays fails to show returns on the right side of the ledger, no matter how fine his moral standing or character may be, it will be 'good night and goodby forever.' He was engaged for revenue only and not for moral idealism."—From the remarks of a reverend gentleman.

IN OUR town,  
WHEN I was a kid,  
THERE WAS a boy,  
OF ABOUT my age,  
WHO WAS very rough,  
AND VERY untidy,  
AND SMOKED mullen leaves,  
IN ACORN pipes,  
AND SWORE a little,  
AND ALTOGETHER  
WAS A wicked boy,  
AND SECRETLY,  
I THINK it's true,  
I ENVIED him,  
AND ANYWAY,  
HE WAS so bad,  
THAT THE careful parents,  
OF THE other boys,  
WOULD NEVER consent,  
WE SHOULD play with him,  
AND THEN it happened,  
THAT THIS boy's father,  
WAS MARRIED again,  
AND A stepmother came,  
AND SHE took that kid,  
AND STRAIGHTENED him out,  
AND CLEANED him up,  
AND WE very soon found,  
THAT AFTER all,  
HE WAS not unlike,  
THE REST of us,  
AND WE played with him,  
EXCEPTING one boy,  
WHO HAD a mother,  
WHO WAS very sure,  
THAT THIS rough boy,  
WAS STILL as bad,  
AS HE ever was,  
AND ALL his goodness,  
WAS JUST a pose,  
AND HER little boy,  
WAS NEVER allowed,  
TO PLAY with him,  
AND I remember,  
WE USED to think,  
THAT THIS boy's mother,  
WAS AN awful crab,  
AND I guess she was,  
FOR SHE made a crab,  
OF HER little boy.



I THANK you.

## Breakfast Table Wit

**Satisfactory Speech.**  
"Who wuzit that called poetry the most charming speech of man?"  
"I don't know, but the most charming speech of women is 'yes.'"

**Seeing Is Believing.**  
Farmer's Wife—You know John you can't believe anything or anybody any more.  
John—No?  
Farmer's Wife—No. For instance, I heard a hen cackle I am not certain whether she laid or lied.

**Fare Enough.**  
He—There's one thing I miss since prohibition.  
She—And what's that—gin buck?  
He—No, the pleasure of dropping beer checks in the street car coin boxes.

**Precisely.**  
Willie—Muvver is it all right to say I will water the horse?  
Muvver—Why yes. Why do you ask?  
Willie—Oh no why. I'm goin' to milk the cat now.

**Few of Us Are.**  
"This is a man's world," she complained.  
"Maybe it is," he replied, "but don't blame me, I'm not guilty."

**Right Idea.**  
Teacher—Tommy, why do you spell bank with such a large "B"?  
Tommy—Cause pa said that a

bank was no good unless it had a large capital.

**Observations of Oldest Inhabitant.**  
The girl that bobs her hair isn't as silly as her mother was when she had holes punched in her ears to hold earrings.

**Already Informed.**  
"Ah, Cutie!" blurted an unsalted customer in the rapid fire restaurant "You have beautiful eyes, and—"  
"Yep!—I've heard it!" briskly interrupted Heloise the waitress. "Howdyahaveyereggies?"

**Hopeful Prospect.**  
Mistress—Now, you mustn't disappoint me.  
Bridget—No mum. Oi always stay long enough to leave, mum.—New York Sun.

**A Comely Cop.**  
"I hear that Peggy Peach is applying for a position as policewoman."  
"Well, Peggy would arrest attention, if nothing else."—Boston Transcript.

**It is suicide to attempt the rescue of a drowning person, unless you are a good swimmer. If you can't swim you should learn.**

## MUTT AND JEFF—This Is Humiliating a Guy.

By BUD FISHER



## POLLY AND HER PALS—Meaning, of Course, Some One Else Wouldn't

By CLIFF STERRETT



## CASEY THE COP—Whaddya Mean—Bum!!

By H. M. TALBURT



## BARNEY GOOGLE—Barney Prepared for the Worst

By BILLY DE BECK



## THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—Melodize This on Your Mouth-organ.

By AL. POSEN

